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and
'POEMS,
A-ha-mode both at
COVRT,
and
THEATERS.

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L O N D O N

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to the Red Lyon in Cheapside

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Бъл

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ЛОНДОН

Printed for W. C. M. & Co.
at the end of Blackfriars Lane
to the Royal Play in Cressy Dying's

1805 t

I

NEW
POEMS,
Songs, Prologues and Epilogues.

Song to the Irish Tune.

I.

Since Celia's my foe,
To a Desert I'll go,
Where some River
For ever
Shall Echo my woe :

The Trees shall appear
More relenting than her ;
In the morning
Adorning
Each leaf with a tear.

B

When

P O E M S.

When I make my sad mone
To the Rocks all alone,

M From each hollow
Will follow

Some pitiful grone.

But with silent Disdain
She requites all my pain,

To my mourning
Returning

No answer again.

II.

Ah Celia adieu,

When I cease to pursue,

You'll discover

No Lover

Was ever so true.

You

P O E M S.

3

Your sad Shepherd flies
From those dear cruel eyes,
Which not seeing
His being
Decaies, and he dies.

Yet tis better to run
To the Fate we can't shun,
Then for ever
To strive, for
What cannot be won.

What ye gods have I done,
That Amyntor alone
Is so treated
And hated
For Loving but one.

POEMS.

The Complaint.

One Saint with equal and impartial ears,
The Vows of many sev'ral sinners hears :
Nor is she to the first that Pray'd, most kind,
The truest Zeal, does still most pity find.

As many Lovers to your shrine repair,
At your bright Eyes to offer up their Pray'r ;
But with unequal pity you reward,
True Vows are scorn'd, while Hypocrites are heard.

So persecutions on the faithful wait,
While the Apostate thrives in every State.
Perhaps my suff'ring must your power shew,
Love, like Religion must have Martyrs too.

Once more for mercy to your feet I fly ;
Alas I cannot change, and would not die :
No Saint in th' other World will pity shew,
To one that never thought their Worship due,
Nor ever Pray'd to any Saint but you.

Song

P O E M S.

5

Song set by Mr. Marsh junior.

Come all you pale Lovers that sigh and complain,
While your beautiful Tyrants but laugh at
Come practice with me (your pain ;
To be happy and free,
In spight of Inconstancy, Pride or Disdain.
I see, and I Love, and the Bliss I enjoy,
No Rival can lessen, nor envy destroy.

My Mistriss so fair is, no Language or Art,
Can describe her Perfection in every part,

Her meen's so Gentile,
With such ease she can kill :
Each look with new passion she captives my heart.
I see, &c.
No Rival, &c.

6

POEMS.

Her smiles the kind message of Love from her Eyes,
When she frowns 'tis from others her Flame to
Thus her Scorn or Spight (disguise,
I convert to delight,
As the Bee gathers Hony where ever he flies.

I see, &c.

No Rival, &c.

My Vows she receives from her Lover unknown,
And I fancy kind answers although I have none.

How Blest should I be

If our Hearts did agree !

Since already I find so much Pleasure alone.

I see, and I Love, and the Bliss I enjoy,

No Rival can lessen, nor Envy destroy.

To Madam M. H.

MAdmen we pity, though their crimes we hate,
And lay the guilt on their too rigid Fate.

Rob'd

P O E M S.

7

Rob'd by your Eyes of Reason and of Sense;
Your Beauty may excuse my great offence.
He that does seriously of sins Repent,
Unto the Gods appears as Innocent ;
Never was Penitence more true than mine,
Then Pardon me, for you are all Divine.

Conditional Love.

The sad unhappy Merchant that beholds
A late tempestuous Ocean gently smile,
While yet each Wave his wrackt Estate infolds,
And seems to Triumph o're the wealthy spoil :

Stands shivering 'twixt hope and fierce despair,
He fain would hazard all he has once more,
At once his many losses to repair ;
But first his Cargo does at home ensure :

So does the sad *Fidelio* doubting stand,
While fair *Miranda's* sparkling eyes he sees,
Longing to have the Jewel in his hand,
But loth to trust his heart to Loves false Seas.

Insulting Fortune, and deluding Love,
So often have betray'd my easie heart,
Their fairest shows my Faith can hardly move,
From the remaining stock of peace to part.

Yet would I pay an age of sighs and pain,
Pass all the storms by Fortune rais'd or Art,
If you'd ensure I should at last obtain
Th' unvalu'd Treasure of your Love and Heart.

Let not my Passion be misunderstood,
To make Conditions does its strength evince ;
The Valiant Souldier that has lost his blood,
And after been neglected by his Prince ;
Though

P O E M S.

9

Though all his heart's with war and glory fill'd,
Till his reward's assur'd the battle flies,
That done, none goes more boldly to the field,
None lives more faithful or more bravely dies.

To Francelia.

IN cruelty you greater are,
Then those fierce Tyrants who decreed,
The Noblest prisoner ta'n in war,
Should to their gods a Victim bleed.

A year of pleasures and delight,
The happy prisoner there obtain'd,
And three whole daies e'r deaths long night,
In pow'r unlimited he reign'd.

To your Victorious Eyes I gave
My heart a willing Sacrifice;
A tedious year have been your slave,
Felt all the pains Hate could devise.

But

But two short hours of troubl'd Bliss,

For all my suffrings you restore ;

And wretched I must die for this,

And never never meet you more :

Never, how dismally it sounds !

If I must feel eternal pain,

Close up a while my bleeding wounds,

And let me have my three daies reign.

On a Rose taken from Francelia's Breast.

I.

Poor hapless Emblem of Amyntor's Heart,

Thy blooming Beauty's overcast ;

Deep shades of grief seem to o'respread each part,

Yet still thy fragrant sweets do last.

II. Thou

II.

Thou wer't not, when my dearest Nymph is kind,
In all thy Pride so Blest as I,
She gone my wounded heart thy fate does find,
So does it droop, and so will die.

III.

What joyful blushes did thy leaves adorn !
How gay ! how proudly didst thou swell !
When in *Francelia's* charming Bosom worn,
That Paradise where Gods would dwell.

VI.

O had my heart thy happy place possest,
It never had from thence been torn,
But like a *Phænix* in her spicy nest,
It still should live and ever burn.

V.

No wonder thy perfume so near thy death
Still lasts, though thy Vermilion's gone,
Thy sweets were borrow'd from her sweeter breath,
Thy fading colour was thy own.

VI.

See how my burning sighs thy leaves have dry'd,
Where I have suck'd thy stol'n sweets,
So does the am'rous youth caress his Bride,
And print hot kisses on her lips.

VII.

Hadst thou ungather'd fall'n, among the rest
Lost and forgotten thou hadst been,
Thou hadst not flourish'd in *Francelia's* brest,
Nor been the Subject of my Pen.

VIII. Amber

VIII.

Amber dissolv'd and beaten Spices smell,
That Gold is valu'd most that's prov'd,
Coy beauty's lost, but lasting fame will tell
Their praise that love and are belov'd.

Song set by Mr. Marsh senior.

The spring with fresh beauties hath drest up
each field,
And the gardens with sweets and soft musick
are fill'd,
The Birds pretty notes to new pleasures invite,
And Nature herself appears young with delight;
Sad *strepophon* sees this, but can be no partaker,
His Nymph is unkind and he cannot forsake her.

Amidst

Amidst all these glories I walk like a shade,
And adore the bright Nymph by whose Eyes I'm
betray'd ;
Each moment her shape to my fancy appears,
I sigh, and I court her to stay with my tears.
But when my imbraces their pris'ner would make her,
Prancelia flies off and I cannot o'retake her.
Asleep I am happy, for then she seems kind,
But some God that does Envy the Blessings I find :
The imbraces, the smiles, O the joys in extream,
'Tis Heav'n to have her, though but in a dream.
Disturbs my short sleep that from me he might take
her,
And then she's unkind, yet I cannot forsake her.
Great Love, whose high power we strive with in
vain,
Let her share in my sighs, or give me her disdain ;
Shew her all the delights of a mutual flame,
The greatness and truth of my Passion proclaim.
One Arrow of thine to Loves joys would awake her,
And when my Nymph's kind I will never forsake her.

To Francelia.

L Ove without hope of Pity who can bear ?
L Consuming fire-brands in his Bosom wear ?
Always endure Diseases of the mind,
Still forc'd to seek what he must never find ?
Pardon me Madam, for I must complain,
Sure you may hear, though not relieve my pain.

Those that a glorious Martyrdom pursue,
When certain and eternal joy's in view ;
On their Tormentors cruelty complain,
And sigh-aloud in the beloved flame :
The short liv'd fires that round their bodies roul,
Soon end their griefs, but leave their Spirits whole ;
Love never burns the never dying Soul.
Condemn'd to death without hopes of reprieve,
What they no more can keep with ease they give,
I bleed and die for you ev'n while I live.

If

If Love's requited with such rigid fate,
What tortures can you find to punish Hate ?

Ah *Francelia* !

If in your heart I ne'r must gain a room,
At least be cunning in the cruel doom :
Your eyes from your too charming eyes I took,
My first deep wound was conquer'd with a look.
O let me read that fair condemning book,
'Till I have gaz'd away my panting breath,
I'd give the world to dy so sweet a death.

Alas ! In vain I sigh, in vain I rave,
Like drowning men in vain my hands I wave,
And cry to one that can but will not save ;
As thirsty Trav'lers in a sandy plain,
Call to the scorching Sun for help in vain,
Which drinks all moisture up but sends no rain.

When friends or bus'ness for my presence stay,
Love and *Francelia* call another way ;

My

My feet move on, my thoughts are fix'd on her,
Dreaming of kindness I shall never hear ;
I know not how, for what, or where I run,
Till at the window I behold my Sun ;
In vain the envious Casement's shut, alas,
The daz'ling Jewel sparkles through the Case,
Like beautious Pictures through a Crystal glass :
Swifter then Lightning it consumes my heart,
Leaving no marks on the exterior part.
At last, at last be kind, O do but prove
The charming sweets of a successful Love.
Why should dull custom or cold fear prevent
Pleasures so sweet, and Joys so innocent ?
What e'r the World pretends to you or me,
Francelia and *Amyntor* still are free.

Must I not see you ? Why will you create
Laws more severe, than Virtue, Man or Fate ?
If at your feet I wait your lov'd command,
And breath my Soul in kisses on your hand,

While thousand Beauties in your eyes do shine,
 And raise as many smiling joys in mine,
 To hear your speech, while pleasure stops my own;
 Then sigh and wish that you were mine alone.

Where is the Crime? Virtue all this has taught,
 But if you hate me,— O that dismal thought,
 It Stabs— my Pen falls from my trembling hand,
 My heart beats faintly, all my Spirits stand.
 If still your Servant you with hate pursue,
 Let me receive my doom from 'none but you;
 And like a Christian Lover, my last breath
 Shall praise and pardon her that caus'd my death.

Song set by Mr. Staggins.

To the Tune of Augusta.

F^rancelia's heart is still the same,
 Cold and hard as Winters morning,
 Round her Love is ever burning,
 Yet

P O E M S.

19

Yet no Sighs or Frowns can ever
Warm her Ice, or cool my Feaver.

So much I think and talk of her,
That ev'ry Grove and Stream can name her ;
All the Nymphs and Ecchos blame her :
If she keeps her cruel fashion,
Only death can ease my Passion.

All the Arts that Lovers have,
All the Vows, and all the anguish,
All the looks with which I languish,
Move not her to any feeling ;
Beauty takes delight in killing.

C 2

A

A Rant against the God of Love.

I.

THOU damn'd perpetual peevish folly,
Curse of a quiet life,
Father and Child of lazy Melancholy,
Author of publick care and secret strife,
Expensive ruine, everlasting cheat,
Belov'd consumption of the great,
Plague of the poor :
Son of a salted frothy Whore ;
Whose Emblematick birth,
Foretold her mischiefs to the misbelieving Earth.

II.

So rotten and so base
The Embryo was,
The Gods in Heav'n and Earth, could find no place
Impure

Impure enough for such vile Midwifry,
But drenched it in the Worlds sink, the Sea;

There by the rapid motion,
And the briny pickle of the Ocean,
Which like a sickly Stomach, strove
To disembogue the Potion
On the resisting Rocks, who drove
The Poyson back again
Into the troubl'd main:
Preserv'd from dissolution,
It became
The Queen of Beauty, Lust and Shame.

III.

Thy lawless Sire,
Compos'd of Rapine, Blood and Fire?
God of destructive Rage, and War;
Lean Poverty and Desolation, are (Car.)
The Blessings which do fall from his vainglorious

P O E M S.

With horrid slaughter all imbru'd,
 With Curses and with hate pursu'd,
 He Venus woo'd:
 The Union of this matchless pair,
 Of Rash and Brave, Lustful and Fair,
 Produc'd this most accomplish'd Heir,
 An Off-spring for such Parents fit,
 Eternal Moth of Treasure, Peace and Wit.

The Excuse.

TRANSPORTS of Passion cannot be withstood,
 Therefore are pardon'd by the wise and good.
 Anger in misbecoming language flies,
 And o're the kindest Friends would Tyrannize.
 Enlarging joyes like swelling Torrents roul,
 All prudent caution from the fearless Soul.
 And griefs contracting pain benumbs each sense,
 Driving the care of life and safety thence.

What

What then should be forgiv'n to one that's fill'd
With Love, to which all other Passions yield ?
And what compassion should that Lover gain,
Whose heart at once all Passions did sustain ?

When I my dear *Francelia* sought to meet,
I saw her trouble, and I griev'd to see't ;
Yet intervals of joy did grief o'repow'r,
To be so near that Beauty I adore :
Then storms of rage my trembling heart did seize,
That I should injure whom I'd die to please.
Armies of diff'rent thoughts at once possesst,
Conquer'd and chang'd the purpose of my brest ;
But Love, resistless Love, whose slave I am,
Hurri'd me on, and ev'ry stop o'recame.
When rapid flame some petty house surrounds,
Th' amazed owners fear no death or wounds,
But slighting all concerns of pain or health,
Fly through fire to save a little wealth.

POEMS.

Loves raging flame on all my Vitals preys,
And ev'ry part insensibly decays.
And can you, Madam, think it much that I
Should for relief to th' Crystal Fountain fly ?

O pardon me, and I'll no more contend,
But like a Willow bow to ev'ry wind.
And all your blasts of Scorn and Anger bear,
Until my Suff'rings do the Tempest tire,
Or by my fall the great example prove,
Of endless Cruelty and matchless Love.

Song set by Mr. Smith.

Liberty, Liberty !
Reason and Love are at War,
No more on wild Passion I'll wait,
Or cringe to an upstart despair,
The Creature of idle conceipt.

Draw

Draw up my thoughts, let Shame the Fight begin,
Charge to the heart, O let not Hope get in,
'Tis Loves Heroe, if that appear in his defence,
A thousand thousand reasons cannot force him thence.

Victory, Victory !

Love the Usurper is fled,
His Flames and his Arrows are spent,
The toys by which Fools are misled,
To adore what themselves do invent.

The thing appears that did support his cause,
How pale she looks that to my heart gave Laws !
The Nymph's vanish'd, set are the Suns that made me
blind,
And only Woman, vain weak Woman's left behind.

Phyllida, Phyllida !

What's of my Goddess become ?
O where is the Shape and the Meen,
Whose presence has oft struck me dumb,
Whose beauty I thought all Divine ?

As

As in the dark to one o'recome by fear,
Deformed shapes and sprites seem to appear. (find,
The fond Lover strange wonders in his Nymph does
When all the Charms are in his own deluded mind.

To Madam R. P.

R Eason and Love, their ancient feud laid by,
Equally strive to raise your power high.

Beauty, Loves never failing dart in you,
Exceeds all praise, and does all hearts subdue.

Cupid in ev'ry careless smile is drest,
Kindling a fire in the beholders breast.

And Reason, if the slave don't straight submit,
Proclaims your Virtue and Victorious Wit;

Love gives the charge, and Reason strengthens it.

Alas what heart can make resistance, where
Youth, Beauty, Wit and Virtue do appear?

Gratitude

Gratitude to Fidelia.

The Frantick Zealot who to Bliss aspires,
On Racks of care and mortifi'd desires,
Mistakes the way, by blind devotion driv'n ;
Your favours lead me to a sweeter Heav'n.
As Souls of Lovers murther'd with despair,
Do hover still where their fair Tyrants are.

On you I waited till your kind reprieve
Rais'd my long buri'd hope, and made me live.

Eternal blessings your great favour pay,
Delights unclouded, Joys without allay :

Fate ever smiling like perpetual day.

In extasies of pleasing thought I see,

Divine *Fidelia* smiling bow to me.

Each hour my Soul recals the Bliss and then,

Languishing dies, till I enjoy't agen.

If one short beam of hope such raptures move,

Ah ! what would my ador'd *Fidelia's* Love ?

Fidelia.

Fidelia.

With struggling Doubts and dying Hopes oppress,
My heart is wandering in a Sea of fire.
I see, but cannot reach the port of rest,
Forc'd back by Storms of fear and fierce desire.

No happy Star, but Fair *Fidelia's* Eyes
Can change the Scene of my decaying state,
And turn this Tempest to a Paradise;
Beauty commands all hearts and conquers fate.

Loves greatest pleasure to his stupid foes,
Seems childish folly in a grave disguise,
So sacred Worship to the Atheist shows,
Who's dully blest and ignorantly wise.

Those that Religion for brisk Wit deny,
And slight sweet Love for Wine or flattering mirth,
Are cheated with false pleasures, while they fly
The Bliss of Heav'n, and greatest joys on Earth.

One

One smile to me from my *Fidelia's Eye*,
Is more then Kings can give, or Empire buy.

The Mistake.

I.

A Las how short? how false and vain?
Are the uncertain joys of man,
But O how true? how fixed are
His restless pain?
His certain grief and never ceasing Care?
The Trees that bend with flakes of Snow,
Spring will adorn with verdant Leaves.
The Fruitful Grain that buried lies,
In joyful Blades again shall rise
And grow,
To pay the Rusticks pain with golden Sheaves.
But man, poor wretched man,
Once in Loves boundless Ocean launch'd, no more
Returns again to joys forsaken shore.

II. By

POEMS.

II.

By flatt'ring hope deceiv'd,
For what is wish'd is soon believ'd ;
Francelia's favour like a chearful Sun,
I thought on her *Amyntor* shone,
Which swell'd my joys to such a wild extreme,
I made an Idol of each daz'ling beam.
Pardon my easie Faith, O fond deluded Soul,
'Twas but a waking dream,
Thy comforts vanish'd but thy grief is whole.

III.

Rivers by Ebbing Waves left dry,
Returning Tides as swiftly fill ;
The Vally that does lowest lie,
Ends at the rising of a Hill.

P O E M S.

31

All things to change do swiftly hast,

A welcome light

Succeeds each night;

Only my Passion and my Pain must last,

Since my *Francelia's* rigid doom is past.

Confin'd as sinners are in Hell,

I see with Envy, where the Happy dwell.

Deep Lakes and rugged way,

My passage stay;

But Ah how soon,

That weak defence should down,

Were it not guarded by my Angels frown!

IV.

Mistaken Hope, be gone,

Wait on the Happy and the Fair,

To whom thy cheats are yet unknown,

Let sad *Amyntors* fate alone;

Thy fading smiles increase despair,

Without

POEMS.

Without a murmur or an alter'd face,
My unrelenting fate I will imbrace.

So close my fire shall be confin'd,
I will not trust the whisp'ring wind.

My Sighs shall Fan the Flame and feed the smart,
Till it consume my rash despised heart ;
Then one short groan shall fix a lasting date,
To this long difference of Love and Hate,
Unless our present thoughts attend our future state.
That point I'll leave to those that here are blest ;
Souls with neglected Love and Grief opprest,
Can find no greater Hell by seeking Rest.
Mine to discover seats of Bliss or Woe

Would freely goe,
Were it assur'd *Prancelia* though too late,
Would sigh and say she was ingrate,
A Love so True deserv'd a kinder Fate.

POEMS.

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Song set by Mr. Marsh senior.

Down with this Love that has made such a
pother,

This Jack with a Lanthorn that leads us a round,
Till with dull Marriage we cheat one another,
For joys that do vanish as soon as th' are found.

Repent, ye proud Nymphs, for your tricks shall not pass,
We'll change no more Gold and good Stones for your
Glass.

While so severely you rail at the pleasure,
And kill the poor Lover that's at your command,
Like Doctors you turn your heads from the
treasure, For you will never T peruse all I
But, O how you grasp what is put in your hand.

*Repent, &c. so I'll say now
We'll change, &c. as you see fit.*

1979-11 When

POEMS.

When the short minute we sigh'd for, is over,
 The Nymph is more brisk and more kind than
 But how dejected and dull is her Lover, (before,
 To find all his Passion can purchase no more.

Repent, &c.

We'l change, &c.

The Resolve:

I.

Fortune, I scorn thee now,
 Thou hast not left one dart,
 To move my harden'd heart,
 Or cloud my smiling brow.
 Like cunning Tyrants, thy severest pain
 Thou kepiest till last:
 It racks my Soul, but yet I'll not complain.

When this short fit is past,
 I'll never Love nor Grieve again.

II. Thou

II.

Thou canst not any mighty conquest boast,

For had I never won, I had not lost;

Then we are even,

And after this,

What ever comes amiss

Or well, I'll take as sent from Heaven.

Thou art no more with me

A Deity.

Chance, Fortune, Fate, y'are all but empty names,

Since fair *Francelia* thus the War proclaims.

Love, Joy, Grief, who Lord it so o're slaves, hence

I'm down, but from my fall,

I'll rise above you all,

Shake off your Chains, and be in thought a Prince.

III.

Ah *Francelia* must I never? Curse on my fond heart,

It heaves and pants still loath to quit the pleasant
smart,

POEMS.

Thou shalt submit or break,
Swell on, I'll never speak,
Nor look, nor write, nor think, nor hope, nor fear.
Be wise, my heart, thou canst not hers subdue,
She loves already, none can well love two.
Hate all the World since th' art despis'd by her :
Or if thou ever canst again
Be sensible of Joy or Pain,
Rejoyce thou wer't not poorly slain,
But by a Beauty which o're all does reign :
Rejoyce that thou lov'dst her alone,
And though thy service she disown,
Yet pity her that can adore
A man that loves a hundred more.
O're one small Province to command alone,
Is sweeter than to share a mighty Throne.

Song

Song set by Mr. Staggins.

Why should we e'r Beauty fade,
Slaves to care and age be made,
Since our flying youth can no more be had.

Where Love and Mirth do call, let's go
And crop new joys each minute as they grow ;
To morrow's fate there's none can know.

Let's sing and laugh sad thoughts away,
Mirth shall rule the active day,
And the night to raptures of Love we'll pay.

Thus should youth in pleasures reign ;
And gods that cannot put on Earth again,
Shall wish for such delights in vain.

To the King on his Birth-Day. 1675.

Song set by Mr. Staggins.

Great Love and mighty War be gone,
With all your flatt'ring charms and glorious noise.
A nobler theme our Art employs,
A theme for gods to think upon.

Let the glad sound,
Which our voyces deliver,
Rebound
To the Hills, from the River,
Thence to the Sky
Let the shrill Echo fly,
On the winds nimble wing,
Round the Earth let her run,
Like the rays of the Sun,
That all may rejoice for the life of the King.

Chorus.

Chorus.

O how blest is the day that your birth has made great !
And how happy, how happy are we that do see't !
While we offer up Vows to the Gods in a Song,
That your Fame may shine bright,
As the worlds great light,
And your Reign may continue as long.

Long life and never-fading health,
A mind untroubl'd as the sleep of Saints,
When Heavens joy the fancy paints.
New Mines of never-ending wealth.
Hearts that are true,
And devoted to Heaven
And you,
All the gods have e'r given,
Kindly to bless
The soft pleasures of Peace.

All that story can bring,
 And the joys yet unknown
 Be contracted in one,
 And for ever attend on the life of the King.

Chorus.

O how blest is the day that your birth has made great !
 And how happy, how happy are we that do see't !
 While we offer up Vows to the Gods in a Song,
 That your Fame may shine bright,
 As the Worlds great light,
 And your Reign may continue as long.

To the Queen. Set by Mr. Marsh senior.

Mount, mount, my Muse : Up to the gods aspire,
 And take a spark of their Celestial fire ;
 No influence else fit raptures can raise,
 To sing great Gloriana's praise.

Her

P O E M S.

41

Her Heav'nly smiles more joys create,
Than dawning day to wand'lers brings :
Than peace to a decaying state,
Or thriving War to youthful Kings.

Nature, no longer boast thy flatt'ring snares,
Thy Gems, thy Flowers, and thy Stars.

Wise Lovers, that quickly coy Beauties would gain,
Compare them no more to things fading and vain,
But what's more resistless, more sweet and more fair,
To the Beams of her Eyes, or the Nets of her Hair.

The Royal graces of her mind,
So glorious are, so unconfin'd ;
Those happy slaves that on her wair,
That can behold and imitate
The Zeal that in her worship flames,
Will for their never-dying names,
With Saints on Earth gain blest abodes,
And place their Souls among the gods.

A Persuasive to Love.

How long, O dearer then my Soul ? how long
Shall weak distrust my Passion wrong ?
And make each prattling child of fear,
The shape of monstrous danger wear.
Your Honor and your safety are,
Of all my thoughts the chiefest care.
Dearer to me, than precious breath
To wealthy Misers near their death :
Than Heirs to mighty names, above
The joys and hopes of all my Love.

Fix'd like a Statue I would stand,
While some bold Villains bloody hand,
Tears from my breast my panting heart.
Die smiling at the greatest smart,
E'r one kind word or favour shown
By my fair Goddess, should be known.

But

But Ah ! too well, too well I know,
The cause that makes you fly me so ;
You fear to see the wounds you make,
Lest pity your hard heart awake :
Pity, the noblest Virtue of the mind,
For sure 'tis Virtue to be kind,
Since Heav'n to pity is so much inclin'd.
Fear not our meeting should be known,
Believe my heart and trust your own.
Why should the blessing be delay'd ?
The price of Love we both have pay'd :
You when that ——— was betray'd.
That damned ——— which all my curses bears ;
My heart weeps blood to pay your precious tears.
All I have suffer'd, ev'n your Hate,
That crime can never expiate.
Like seeds that must to flowers spread,
Our Love with water has been fed ;
Our Love ! O pardon what I said,
My wishes do my pen mislead :

Yet

Yet I'll wish on, wish that my dear
Lov'd me as much as I love her,
Then should my flame so faithful prove,
I'd recompence your Grief with Love.

Such joys, such pleasures, Love can give,
As none but Lovers can believe.

As one in false Religion bred,
Whose Faith, by Sense and Custom's led ;
Derides the myst'ries more Divine,
Till Practice does his Faith refine.

Of Love such may your fancy be,
But then, my Dearest, think of me :
Of me, who, spight of adverse Fate,
Strengthen'd by all your Scorn and Hate,
Have never yet apostatiz'd,
So sweet is Love although despis'd.

The hope at last success to gain,
(For Hope does still with Love remain.)
Brings Comfort in the midst of Pain.

Try, O my dear *Francelia*, try
But one short minute, Love and see
What Heav'ly joys, what extasie,
Do in your presence wait on me.

Song set by Mr. Le Grange.

With a damn'd sullen fate let's no longer
conspire,
To feed the fierce torments of fear and desire ?
Thy frowns and coy looks do thy Passion discover,
My care to concealit declares I'm thy Lover.
Then why should we fear the smooth Ocean of
Love,
Since paddling and straining will keep us above ?
Let bus'ness and wealth to their Chaos be hurl'd,
'Tis Love's the delight and support of the world.

(couls,
He that dores on his bags while his passing Bell
The modest Platonicks that talk of their Souls,
The

The grave men of State that are wise in Grimaces,
 The canting Reformers that say such long Graces,
 The sur'd men of Law those deciders of doubt,
 When Passion is stirring do briskly cry out,

Let bus'ness, &c.

'Tis Love's, &c.

Song set by Mr. Hart.

BElieve me, dear *Mall*,
 For I've traded with all
 Those of name and Estate,
 That have made the Town prate
 Of their many brave deeds and great forces,
 When they come to the matter
 Are weaker then water,
 And have nothing that's strong but their purses.

With high jellys and broth,
 They make the blood froth,

Which

POEMS.

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Which creates a false fire,
And a sickly desire.

They imbrace her as if they could eat her,
Such eager hot flashes,
Straight turn into ashes,
And deceive both themselves and the creature.

Mother —— gives this
For a Maxim to Miss,
For thy grandeur and fame,
Keep a Cock of the game ;
But a tough brawny dunghil to tread ye.
Let the wealth of thy Cully
Provide for thy Bully,
Then his weapon will always be ready.

The Rival, a Song set by Mr. Marsh senior.

Insult not too much on thy fading success,
For all that thou hast, I before did possess,
I know, my fair Rival, how happy thou art,
I know all the secret delights of thy heart.
To tempt thee those pleasures were taken from me,
And to please some new beauty he'll take 'em from thee.

When first thy Ambition was flatter'd, how sweet?
How dazzling was power and wealth at thy feet?
How dear were the minutes when Passion was young,
And plaid with the languishing Eyes and the Tongue?
What follow'd, ye gods, I remember too well,
Such pleasures, such pleasures no tongue can revele.

Bute'r long thy fond Heart and sad Eyes will deplore
That Coldness and Scorn I lamented before.

Thy

P O E M S.

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Thy Beauty and Humor, which makes thee so fair,
Will pine with pale Envy, and end in Despair.

If then thy lost heart can its freedom regain,

More sweet it will be o're thy Passion to reign.

I am free from the pangs of desire and hate,
I envy no Lovers their wretched estate ;
No wishes or fears or fierce jealousies keep
My eyes on the rack, or affright my soft sleep :

But safe on the Shore without Passion I see
Poor Lovers tormented and lost on the Sea.

The Modish Lover.

Song set by Mr. Marsh senior.

A T last I find 'tis vain to believe
The Coy or Kind any Cure can give
To a heart that to Love does incline
Like mine,

Fruition is but a reprieve.

E

I

I thought my first flame
Would still be the same.

If *Cloris* could Love, O I'd ever be true;
But Love is so blind,
When *Cloris* was kind,
I chang'd for less Beauty to one that was new.

I felt again the pleasure and smart,
The joy and pain which captives the heart:
And as many true Oaths as before

I swore,
From *Phillis* I never would part.
The next pretty face
Got *Phillis's* place,
Which my Vows and my Passion as hotly pursu'd:
The next did appear
More charming than her,
And thus are my torments for ever renew'd.

When

When I love one who thinks she's above
Loves sacred throne, whom nothing can move,
Who thinks that 'tis great to appear

Severe,

And slight the soft pleasures of love;

I fly for relief

To the next pretty thief:

And to quench my hot flame I seek a new fire;

But never could meet

That Beauty or Wit,

Whose love or disdain, could confine my desire.

All things of course to change do submit,

O're-rul'd by force, by fortune or wit;

Then how can a Lover compel

His will,

When Beauty and Fate wo'n't permit?

Where Love does invite

I'll seek my delight,

POEMS.

And give the same freedom to her I adore.

Though many pretend
Their flame can ne'r end,
That woman's deceiv'd that believes any more.

Song set by Mr. Marsh senior.

C_Loris I come to learn my fate,
To Love we are accus'd,
Who mad to see his pow'r and state
By easie mirth abus'd ;
Has from thy Eyes a real dart
Into my breasts convey'd,
And now tormented by the smart,
I come to thee for aid.

Since you so long did feed my flame,
Till in my heart you reign'd,
Since you did know and did not blame
My Passion that was feign'd.

Condemn

Condemn not with your cruel frown
The story of my fate,
It is injustice to disown
The Love you did create.

Why should you now refuse to hear,
What once you did invite ?
If Love when dress'd in truth appear
Less able to delight.
Let me in jest loves pleasure tast,
I never will complain ;
So the deluding cheat may last,
I'll ne'r love truth again.

Thus *Damoz* woo'd but all in vain,
She still was more unkind.
His Vows could no belief obtain,
No pity could he find.

But when he ceas'd to be her slave,

And all her scorn repay'd,

The Nymph relented and she gave

What she so long delay'd.

To Miranda.

MEN vainly boast the pow'r that nature gave.
All-conqu'ring Beauty rules the King and
Slave.

Read fair *Miranda's* charming face, and then

Tell me where's the prerogative of men.

Here Nature's self in all her gayest dress,

All her delights and power does express;

And with true lustre free from fading Art,

Rules ev'ry Eye, and reigns o're ev'ry heart.

No formal pride her Beauty does o'reshade.

O happy man, for whom this blessings made!

Let her in joys for ever live, while I,

Doom'd for her Victim, at Loves Altar die.

Song

Song set by Mr. Smith.

I Sigh'd and I Writ,
And employ'd all my Wit,
And still pretty *Silvia* deny'd ;
'Twas Virtue I thought,
And became such a sor,
I ador'd her the more for her pride.

Till mask'd in the Pit
My coy *Lucrece* I met,
A croud of gay Fops held her play ;
So brisk and so free
With her smart repartee,
I was cur'd and went blushing away.

Poor Lovers mistake,
The addresses they make

With Vows to be constant and true.

Though all the Nymphs hold
For the sport that is old,
Yet their play-mates must ever be new.

Each pretty new toy
They would dye to enjoy,
And then for a newer they pine ;
But when they perceive
Others like what they leave,
They will cry for their bauble agen.

One fall'n in love with the sight of a Ladies —

Song set by Mr. Marsh senior.

I Long was tormented with Envy and Rage,
At the freedom that's us'd in this amorous
age,

To

To see the brisk youth even while I was by,
Court the Nymph that I lov'd as freely as I:
But Fortune, for which I shall ever adore her,
Has show'd me a Beauty which is my restorer.

So pretty, so plump, such a delicate shape,
Such a pure Red and White, as no heart can escape.
All the raptures of Poets the skin doth surpass,
Without any help of Paint, Patches or Glass.
An Innocent wench that's of Natures own making,
Is all it e'er us'd for to make it so taking.

Though blind, the deep wounds that it gives more
surprise,

Then the Stars or the Diamonds of *Phillis's* Eyes;
Had it sight, it would always be staring abroad,
And make the whole World esteem it a God.

Its mouth has such melting agreeable motion,
All Nations fall down to't with heat of devotion.

'Tis

'Tis veil'd like a *Spaniard* but guarded much more,
 By the Virtue of *Sylvia* which waits at the door ;
 A Champion so jealous no force or design,
 Can gain a new sight of't until it is mine.
 Yet this makes me happy, for though 'tis so pretty,
 It ne'r will be common, like *Phillis* or *Betty*.

Ah *Sylvia*, how soon all my sorrows would end !
 If you heard the advice of your beautiful friend.
 It shew'd, when I saw it, as if 't would be kind,
 O be not severe to the dumb and the blind.
 There can be no change or decay in my Passion,
 'Tis caus'd by a Beauty that's ne'r out of fashion.

Song set by Mr. Marsh senior.

Nay pr'y thee no more of this love masquerade,
 Now all sorts of Fops are grown old in the
 All the pleasure is gone, (trade.
 And the cheat's so well known,
 That 'twill ruine more Lovers than ever it made.

If you think y'are a wit and would fain have me
know it,
You must leave this dull rode of the over-rid Poet.

Alexis and Damon, and twenty Swains more,
Have been Sighing and Vowing a hundred times
Let me dye, and all that, (o're.
Is insipid and flat,
And your Courtship's as serious to every Whore.
Ah charming Divine ! and O sweet pretty Creature !
Is so old, the Amour of a Cobler is greater.

You torture a Song till you make the ears ake,
Your Alamide wit from the Play-house you take ;
And are airy and bold
While the borrow'd stock hold, (make
But more mouths than a disciplin'd Monkey you
When 'tis spent ; and with Cringes and new fashion'd
Curses, (discourses.
Or the price of your Trappings make up your
These

These shallow designs, and the plots that you cast,
 Can never prevail o're a woman that's Chast.
 And a Wench so well knows
 Where to take all your blows,
 That she turns your Weapon against you at last.
 If such humorous folly can raise love in any,
Scaramonch will be sooner prefer'd then his *Zany*.

*Epilogue to The Shoemaker's a Gentleman,
 Spoken by the Master-Shoemaker.*

Dear Brothers of the Gentle Craft you see
 Th' original of our Gentility ;
 We have new vamp'd, new foald, and made it tite,
 Lend us your aid to keep it still upright.
 These Goths and Vandals who do hate your glory,
 Are met to rase this monumental storie.
 Stand boldly to't now is the heat o'ch' Battle,
 Let Crispin live, and let Saint Hugh's bones rattle.

Valentines

Valentines Day.

Before the youthful Spring had dy'd
The Earth with *Flora's* chequer'd pride.
Before the new thaw'd fields were seen
Dress'd in a joyful Summers green.
Grey bearded Winters frosty Chain,
Was just dissolv'd by *Phæbus* Wain ;
And the aspiring God flown high,
To guard the Spring in's Infancy,
Inviting *Flora* from her bed,
To rob her of her Maiden-head :
E'er fair *Aurora's* blushing head
Had edg'd the Eastern Hills with red,
My restless fancy guided me
Into a happy privacy,
Where the embracing Trees had made
A pleasant, though yet leafless shade.

Each

Each naked branch in coupling wise,
A pretty harmless love-knot ties ;
From which conjunction Nature shoots
Sweet blossoms and delicious fruits.

The winged musick of the Air,
Did to this am'rous Grove repair ;
And with their tempting notes did grace
The various pleasures of the place.

As I surpris'd with wonder late,
Each Bird chose out his feather'd mate,
And seeming fearful of delay,
Through yielding Air they cut their way,
Some to the Woods, some to the Groves,
To consummate their eager Loves.

So have I seen at Hymens feasts,
A company of youthful guests,
A thousand ways advance delight ;
But when the long-wish'd lazy night,
To bed invokes the blushing Bride,
Loves endless quarrel to decide,

A silent envy spreads each face,
The Men wish his, the Maids her place :
And e'er that single Wedding's o're,
It gives a birth to many more.

Musing how pow'ful Nature was,
Sometimes through prickly thorns I pass,
Whose winding branches seem'd to court
Me to attend the harmless sport.

Sometimes I walk by Crystal Springs,
Whose gliding streams in circling rings,
Unto the musick listning stood,
Till prest by the pursuing flood,
Their angry murmurs did betray,
How loth they were to pass away.
Grown weary with this pleasing sight,
Excess of pleasure dulls delight,
To rest my drowsy sense I sought
The softest, sweetest, grassie plot,
But as I wand'red here and there,
A voice arrests my idle ear,

Which

Which from a neighb'ring thicket flies,
Drawn thither by my greedy Eyes.
Two loving Rogues within it lay,
And thus I heard the Puppets play.
Long did I muse but all in vain,
What wanton stars that day did reign.
But as my steps did homewards stray
I met my *Phæbe* by the way,
My *Phæbe*, whose commanding Eyes,
Had made my heart her Sacrifice ;
To her fair hand I paid a kiss,
But she return'd a greater bliss,
Presenting Violets to me,
Good morrow Valentine, said she.

Prologue to a Play Acted privately.

Prologues, those pleasing and successful ways,
To gain protection for ill written Plays,
Most useful are in our ingenuous times,
To cloud brisk nonsense and amazing times ;
Th' are interpos'd like flashy glaring light,
For they the judgment clear, as thit the sight.
Now Poets like the worst Mechanicks grown,
Do rail at others ware to sell their own.
The last new Play still th' other house does huff,
To set some newer mess of folly off.

Poor harmless Punck they fiercely do abuse,
Because she did Heroick love refuse,
Or made the running Nag out-strip the Muse. }
Finding that Gallants now do Spaniel like,
Fawn most on those whose Satyrs deepest strike.

Fop, Critick, Flaxen Wig, the Miss and Cit, }
Are daily massac'd by Prologue Wit,
A modish wheedle to amuse the Pit ;
With dropping follies of their own they drive them
in, (unseen ;
That their great shov'r's of dogrel stuff may fall

From all this mighty pother we are free'd,
Our Play does no excuse or Prologue need.
He, who all other Poets would devour,
Who swells with Poysion suck'd from ev'ry flowr,
Who rakes up dirt and lays it by his door,
To make his glitt'ring dross seem golden Ore ;
Ev'n he, when his Satyrick humor reign'd,
Permitte'd this rare Play to pass unstain'd.

Now to our selves —
By railing first your censures which we fear,
We may prevent or make them less severe ;

But

But to oblige you rather we'll believe,
None will so rudely take what we so freely give.
If any should condemn our harmless sport,
We will not plead high presidents from Court:
But with an equal rashness we'll maintain,
If serious, he's a formal Fop, whose brain
Does envy what it never could attain.

The brisker Criticks we'll debauch'd proclaim,
Mere noise and froth without or salt or flame.

How patiently the *Verestreet* croud do stay,
And for loud zealous nonsense weep and pray,
So eager are they to be led astray.
Had you but half their zeal for no expence,
With sounder reason and far better sense,
You all may go much more reform'd from hence.

Prologue to a Play Acted privately.

I Know your thoughts, and see in ev'ry Eye
The dreadful marks of a censorious spie ;
You come, as modish wits to Church these times,
Not to reform, but note the speakers crime.

Our case is hard, we must be censur'd still,
For Acting first, and then for Acting ill.
We want brave Scenes, gay Clothes and Confidence,
More fit for Players than their Wit or Sense.
I know what you would say now— since 'tis thus,
What's their design to fool themselves and us ?

Tell me, why with such mighty cost and care
Our jaunty youth to Masquerades repair ?
Why in such raptures they return back,
What sport ? what pleasures we have had, dear Jack ?

What

What Wizards? O what Gowns? didst thou but see't,
When, Do you know me now? is all the Wit,
And stranger dresses daily fill the street.

Why some with dull discourse and forc'd Grima-
Take pains to be accounted serious asses? (ces,
Inspir'd by News and Coffee, with what ease
They manage Empires and command great Seas !
Wasting whole days in stories which they make
More vain and empty than the smoke they take.

Tell me—— Why some in drunken frolics spend the night
To make one knock, and cry I love the white?
Then brisk and roar until the active brain,
Too great and brave for Taverns to contain,
Leads them into Loves field to run at Tilt,
Where many wounds are giv'n when no blood's spilt:
The next dayes language to a friend is this,
Rare Mirth, brisk Wine, yet hang't, it cost a Piece :

POEMS.

But such a fine airy Wench——— Plague take the Whore,

The young man found she had the Pox before ;
These things will be, but Gentlemen, we know
That none of you were ever wheedl'd so.

Tell me, why old sage Matron did of late,
Mourn o're her dog and let him lie in state ?
Why some make visits six hours longs to know
The health of Shock or of my Ladies Toe ?
Why others to fond husbands do pretend
They heard a Sermon, when they met a friend ?
A thousand such ill stories we may hear,
But we are confident there's no such here.
Since humor shelters all the Vice in use,
We think this mirth of ours needs no excuse.
Y'are all our friends and ev'ry one's a guest,
Then be like well-bred people at a Feast,
Who, whether pleas'd or not, still speak the best.

Epologue to the same.

Now we have done our parts, I do foresee
We must the Audience, you the Actors be.
And by your pithy Comments you will say,
You make a Farce much better than our Play.

Lord, to what desp'rate terms we are brought,
For all that strive to be ingenious thought,
Will show their Rates of wit by finding fault.
Vain women cheated by a flatt'ring glass,
Which shows fine Charms and Colours in the face,
Are not with shame and anger more surpris'd,
When their conceited Beauty is despis'd;
Then we like them, with scorn will hide our spight,
And that applause we could not gain, will slight.

Men of the *Gustau*, at the *French* house eat,
Many new dishes of the self same meat,

POEMS.

No dress nor sauce their queazy sense controuls,
 But Novelty alone commands their Souls.
 If you'll be modish, you must do so too ;
 Our Play is old, but all the Actors new,
 Such Actors as both Theatres can't make,
 Adzooks you are not Wits, if this don't take.

If pleas'd, y'are kind and wise, but if you hiss,
 We know who games, who drinks, who keeps the
 Miss.

Ladies, your close Intrigues and Loves we know,
 If y'are severe, your secret crimes we'll show ;
 We'll do — nay our revenge shall speak them worse,
 So fare you well, Gallants — now take your course.

Prologue to Ev'ry Man out of his Humor,
Spoken by Mr. Hayns, July, 1675.

SO fast from Plays approv'd and Actors known,
 To drolling, stroling Royal Troop you run,
 That *Hayns* despairing is Religious grown.

So

So Crack enjoy'd, the queazy Gallants slight,
And she, though still her beauty's in its height,
In rage turns Nun and goes to Heav'n in spight.

O Novelty, who can thy pow'r oppose !

Polony Bear or strange Grimace out-goes
Our finest language and our greatest shows.

As thick-scul'd Zealots, who from Churches fly,
Think doleful nonsense good that makes them cry ;
Y'are p'leas'd and laugh because— you know not why.
There ign'rant crouds round travel'd Gallants sit,
As am'rous youths round Wizards in our Pit,
And by their motions judg the Farces Wit.

If they but grin, a jest is understood,
All laugh outright and cry — I'gad that's good ;
When will our damn'd dull silly rogues do so ?
Y'are very complaisant, I fain would know
Where lies the wit and pow'r of (*il obe.*)

The modish Nymphs now ev'ry heart will win,
With the surprising ways of *Harlequin.*
O the fine motion and the jaunty mene,
While

While you Gallants —————
Who for dear Missie ne'r can do to much,
Make Courtships *alamode de Scaramouch.*

Ha——— ha———

I could have taught you this, but let that pass,
Y'have heard I've wit, now you shall know I've grace,
I will reform———

But what Religion's best in this, lewd Town,
My friends I'm yet like most of you, of none.
If I commence, I fear it will not do,
Religion has its *Scaramouchys* too,
Whose hum's and ha's get all the praise and pence,
For noise has still the upper hand of sense.

Well since 'tis so———

I'll keep my Station till your humors come,
Though like the longing woman, now you come,
And leave all dainties for the Butchers thumb.

You and vile husbands equally proceed
Like rambling Bees, you quit your balm to feed
On ev'ry gaudy flow'r and painted weed.

When

When Winter comes you will again grow wise,
And visit home the wife that you despise,
With empty purses and with laden thighs.

Epilogue to Ev'ry Man out of his Humor.

How crostly and how kindly things do go !
Though forreign troop does very pow'rful
grow,
Kind Justice beats down our domestick foe.
Th' enchanted Castle's once more overthrown,
That Nursery where all the youth in Town,
Such deeds of Valour and of Love have shown.
Britains Low Countreys, where at mighty rates
The younger Brothers urg'd their needy Fates,
And th' Elder got diseases for Estates.

See how the scatter'd Cracks in parties fly,
How like a nest of Wasps disturb'd they ply,
And fiercely fix on any Fop that's nigh.

I warn you, though your presence theirs will bring,
 Be not too eager for the pretty thing,
 The bag of Honey's sweet, but ware the sting.
 Play round the light, but from the heat retire ;
 For if y'are joyn'd between hot Love and Ire,
 Like Samsons Foxes you'l set all on fire.
 Reform your selves, Reformers of the Stage,
 Blame not my Zeal, who can suppress their rage ?
 When Love and Wrath spare neither Sex nor Age.
 For our Play we say nothing —
 The merit of it will your plaudits gain,
 Or else new Wit would strive to prop in vain,
 What Johnsons sacred mem'ry can't sustain.

Prologue to The Mistaken Husband.

Our modest Poet's in as great a fright,
 As a young Bride upon the marriage night,

She starts and trembles when she sees the Bed,
Like Criminals to Execution led ;
Alas, poor thing, she's loth to lose her head.

As boys that shiver on the Rivers brim,
Enquire the warmth and depth of those that swim.
She asks her marry'd friends what shall I do ?
I do so shake——Ah, was it so with you ?
And yet she makes a hard shift to go through :
Poets were once as full of trouble too,
But now th' are desperate——
To lose this Play as much our Poet strives,
As you to hide your Misses from your Wives,
He thinks you Criticks and i'faith 'tis right,
Are ev'n as merciless to those write,
As Husbands to their Wives o'th' Wedding night ;
You care no more for Poets pains and fears,
Than those fierce men regard the womens tears.

POEMS.

At the least fault——
 If one snuffs and mouths it—— there there she went,
 You open all and damn a Play by th' sent.

One of our Nymphs should in my place appear,
 But y're so dreadful she's fall'n sick for fear.
 Those that pay dear for love, the very'st fools,
 Though they condemn the work, preserve the tools.

Faith, Gallants, let's compound with you to day,
 Be you indulgent to our Orphan Play,
 We'll be as kind to you another way.

Epilogue to the Mall or Modish Lovers.

WHAT has our Poet done you look so big?
 Has he not treated you with brisk intrigue?
 Some with dull Morals would affront the Age,
 And make a Coventicle of the Stage;

Should

Should we but offer you such things as those be,
Dam the sententious Fop—— come let's to Moseley.

Had we a lively Scene, where you might see
The Duck-pond-side and each beloved Tree ;
It would recal such stories of your own,
What on this bench or that green tuft was done,
That our poor Play uncensur'd might have gone.
Like boasting *Greeks*, *Troy*'s Conquest you would tell,
Here *Helen* lay, and there stout *Hector* fell.
To that soft bank the eager foe retir'd ;
There the hot breach was mann'd and City fir'd.

You Rogue, cries one, the very place I see
Where I and *Phillis* did—— O happy Tree,
The kind supporter of my Nymph and me.
Another with fierce indignation rap't,
Cries, rot her for a Bitch, there was I clap't.
If you repeat next year such things as these,
You'l rub the rind off and destroy the Trees.

Well

Well may our boldest Scenes fall short of you,
We do but copy, by the life you drew.

Now will you rail when you are gone from hence,
O hang't, 'tis baudy, all meer impudence.
No serious lines will please you half so well,
Unless we Huff the gods and Hector Hell.
With Wit and Women you deal much at one,
First you debauch, and then you cry them down.

Prologue in the Vacation.

While wars between the first rate houses cease,
For want of new supplies compel'd to peace,
We little fifth rates, whom they still despise,
May boldly cruise and make all lawful prize,
With thund'ring Tempests, Fire and Div'l's they fish,
And catch adventurers by twosh and threesh.
One shilling is the greatest price we wish.

They

They in deep gulfs and spreading Oceans rou!,
We poor smart things put into ev'ry hole.
Your fishing *Bess* or shoulder o'mutton *Malls*;
I'gad we snap at ev'ry thing that sails.

Then for your Company, look, I dare swear
Y'had ne'r the like in either Theatre,
Here's Wizards too, but look your Punks elsewhere.
There's a Beauty, Heav'ns! So smooth, so fair,
Nay, never blush for such a face as that,
No Miss in Town is half so plump and round, that's
We have a Poet too ————— (flat.)

Who sweats and stinks for his Heroick piece
As much as ever ————— did for his.
In all we imitate the Play-house thus,
Only in Acting they come short of us.

Yet as old Nurse instructs young smikring Maid,
When she sits stroaking little mark of Lad:
See by our penny how their shilling's made.

My friends, keep all your hands in sight, I pray,
While we are Acting mind no other Play.
Our sports but one short hour last, that all the year;
Besides no Company but ours must Act here.

Prologue to The Suppos'd Prince.

TRAPPOLIN suppos'd a Prince this humor shows,
All pleasures do depend upon suppose.
We by a strong suppose, may have to do
With Wine and Women, Wit and Mony too.

Thus while you think a zealous Sisters eyes
Are lifted up in pious extasies,
In strong suppose all her Religion lies.
The modest longing girl that dares not woo,
Thus does enjoy her fame and pleasure too.

He that sits next a pretty female, knows
His hand trembles, and something comes and goes.

He gazes, faints and dyes, why all this shows
The pow'r and pleasure of a sweet suppose.
Those that for garnish'd dishes keep adoe,
May have as wholesome Fish well butter'd too,
In a plain earthen pan for half the toil;
But for suppose —— for all's but ——
The body's all one flesh; and yet, dear hearts,
A mere suppose makes difference of parts.
All were design'd alike for out delight,
Yet we suppose it fit to lose our right,
And keep the sweetest both from touch and sight.
Let that suppose that leads us so astray,
As strongly further our supposing Play.
The Duke and *Trappolin* must both be thought
Transformed really, though they are not.
Suppose that strongly thence our mirth all flows,
Then we shall please you all —— as we suppose,

Prologue to The Armenian Queen.

BEloved Miss and Punck, Vizard and Fop,
All's gone that made your modish Prologues
Ah, Gentlemen, what hope have we to please,^(up.)
When we have lost such pow'rful helps as these !
Helps, that did Soul to all our actions give,
Helps, without which nor you nor we can live.

Though wit a thousand various ways is shown,
From Love all flows, and to it all does run ;
As liquors round a spacious Funnel roul,
Yet all at last sinks into one small hole.
You now like sev'ral Ghosts, but haunt the place,
Where once your joy and life's dear treasure was,
While one sits thus — his Soul's to Windsor fled,
Hunts ev'ry Closer, searches ev'ry Bed ;

At last he finds his now dear *Phillis* laid
In some close shade; where he had often plaid.
At Post and Pair with some fresh Country Maid.
Enrag'd with thought, he mutters out—Ah Curse!
Those that sit next believe he rails at us;
Such Plague themselves and fright our friends away;
Another Ghost's employ'd a sweeter way,
Fixing his Eye upon that very place,
Where he pick'd up his last obliging Lass;
He sees her, Courts her, nay while he sits there,
Carries her to th' Tavern, finds the very Chair;
Feels her — soft hand, her melting Eye beholds;
In empty Arms her airy Body folds;
As a famous Author has it —
But as the curs'd Drawer disturb'd him there,
Some loud Heroick rant awakes him here;
He's disoblig'd and huffs, the Play's cry'd down,
And we are ruin'd e'r the cause is known.

Yet though you damn us all, we still Act on,
But what dull sport one party makes alone ?
While one thrusts on and th'other still wheels round,
Between two stools—you know what falls to ground :
Where both are willing there true pleasure's found.

Epilogue to The Armenian Queen.

ALas, what hope does there remain for us,
When y'have already shut up t'other house ;
Yet we this Visitation-time stay here,
When raging censure reigns and wit grows dear,
In hope to gain your custom all the year.

When Tempests and Enchantments fly the Town,
When *Prosp'ro*'s Devils dare not stand your frown ;
They to the Country strode with painted ware,
Where mighty sums of precious time they share ;
While Author Punch does strange Machines prepare
For their new Opera in *Barthol'mew Fair.*

He, prick'd in Conscience that he chous'd you so,
With but the Copy of a Puppet-show ;
To please you, thither does invite you all,
For two pence to behold th'original.
They who for double prices scarce would do,
Now that you are in want, do jilt you too.
But we are constant still to your delight,
Since dear Miss Punch is gone, 'faith do us right,
And visit your poor Spouse once ev'ry night.
Nay, Gentlemen, this is no strange request,
For night and want do bring home Man and Beast.

Epilogue by a Woman.

Gentlemen,

(known,

Our mens late disappointments have made
Without our Sex no bus'ness can be done ;
They treated you just as you deal with us,
You promise fair —————

But if you once get in, ne'r pay a souse,
Women support the World and we the house.
Nature and Power teach vile men to rone,
We poor good humor'd things still play at home.
Mens active Legs with one night's dancing grow
Quite dull and tir'd — Our Tongues are never so:
Their lazy Instruments are out of Tune,
And then forsooth there's nothing to be done.
S'lise, out or in we women ne'r lie still,
While our Pit's kept warm and our Purses fill.
Yet, Gallants, you may pardon them for this,
We oft haye Play'd when you ne'r came to see's.

Be constanter and less Capricious,
How long shall we weak Vessels teach you thus?
And yet in troth y'are always kind to us;
But we must rail as cunning Lovers do,
Not that y'are false but to preserve you true.
You seem best pleas'd when you are most abus'd,
But fawning wit and easie love's refus'd.

A murmur'ring Miss revives your faint desire,
And huffing Prologues raise your kindness higher ;
As blustering winds increase decaying fire.
Cover our matted Seats but once a day,
And to content you, we'll Act any way.
Then Clap us soundly, while we Play our parts,
Or else —— a mischief on your stony hearts.

*Prologue to The Indian Emperor, Acted
by the Dutchess of Portsmouth's servants,
spoken by Mr. Poel.*

I Come from my despairing friends within,
Who, conscious of the desp'rare state th'are in,
Dare not before their pardon's seal'd be seen.
By flatt'ring hopes of loud applause betray'd,
Which they have seen to our best Actors paid.
As boldly they engag'd and came thus far,
As young brisk Reformadoes go to War.

POEMS.

Success and triumphs take up ev'ry thought,
 They never think how hardly they are got :
 All's brave and well until the foe appears,
 Then they begin to shrink and shake their Ears?

Some few hours past with an assured meen,
 And cheerful voice they practis'd ev'ry Scene.
 Do't? Poh! because I did but seem to doubt,
 All were for turning envious *Poel* out ;
 But now my huffing Gallants come about.

Mr. dear Mr. *Poel* — — —

Unless you help us out we are undone,
 I fear they will be out to fast alone.

As serious Lovers can alone explain,
 In some well order'd speech their am'rous pain ;
 But when their Beauteous Idol comes in place,
 All's lost in Cringes and a begging face :
 Fear of offending and desire to please,
 Turns all to blushes and half-sentences ;

Yes

POEMS.

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Yet that confusion shows a Love more true,
Than all the flow'rs of Rhetorick can do.
And if our good intentions here may please,
I fear you'l have too many signs like these.
They sent me to excuse their Crimes, who ought
With all my skill to heighten ev'ry fault.

(thus,

If they should please, others would treat you
And mak't a mode, then what becomes of us ?
The Chamber-trade would quite shut up our house,

So jarring Tradesmen, all their Int'rest made,
To have the sale of Foreign Wares forbad,
And great mens servants straight set up the trade.
But for this once may ev'ry one that Plays,
Advance your pleasure and obtain your praise.
Since they engage no more to do amiss,
Their fear is punishment enough for this.

Epilogue

Epilogue to the same, spoken by a Girl.

A Bus'd by that insulting * Player's pow'r, * Poel.
Who from a slave they made an Emperor ;
Our Indians gladly saw him die, for fear
His Epilogue should be much more severe.
There is a strutting Spanish † General too, † Coysb.
Another of that envious huffing Crew,
Although the Indian's Foe — in this design,
To ruine them they equally combine.

So Lawyers rail in parties at the Bar,
But on the Clients lay the charge o'th' War.

Therefore they for their Epilogue chose me,
A stranger and from either Faction free,
Young, Innocent, and what is more, a Maid,
If this won't do, what can your smiles persuade ?

Nay,

Nay, let me tell you, but let not them hear,
These *Indians* are not what they do appear ;
If they are pleas'd, none knows what you may get ;
For they have Mines were ne'r discover'd yet,
Which frowns, or fiercest torments cannot find,
In that th'are all of *Montezuma's* mind :
But by your kindness and obliging Arts,
You may command their Treasure and their Hearts.

Prologue to Psyche Debauch'd.

Psyche debauch'd, poor Soul ! she made great hast,
I knew the jilting Quean could never last
Five weeks, she (must perhaps decay more fast,) ————— As our friend *Nicander* has it.
Whilst our rich neighbors mock our Farce, we know
Already th' utmost of their Puppet-show.

Since

POEMS.

Since they 'gainst Nature go, they Heav'n offend,
 If Nature's purpose then cross Nature's end,
 Unnat'ral Nature is not Nature's friend.

— There's Nature for you.

As *Aesop's* Cat drest like a Lady, this
 At first surpris'd, now where's the gaudy Miss
 You saw, and knew, and left her in a trice?
 None but the Dirty Rout would like her twice.
 Their well-drest frolick once may please the Eye,
 But Plays like Women can't so satisfie.

(ye,
 Ye masked Nymphs can tell there's something in
 Besides the painted face, that gets the penny;
 Yet all the same you give 'em we'l allow
 To their best Plays, and their best Actors too,
 That is, the Painter, Carpenter and Show,
Beaumont and Fletcher, Poet and Devau.
 But, Sirs, free harmless mirth you here condemn,
 And Clap at down-right baudery in them.

In *Epsom-wells* for example —

Are they not still for pushing Nature on,
Till Nature'sfeat thus in your sight is done?

— O Lord! —

Let's take off *Psyche's* borrow'd plumes a while ;
Hopkins and *Sternhold*, rise and claim your stile.

Dread Kings of *Brentford*, leave *Lardella's* Herse,
Psyche's despairing Lovers steal your Verse.

And let *Apollo's* Priest restore again,
What from the nobler *Mamamouchy's* ta'n,

Let them restore your treble prices too ;
To see how strangely they did bubble you,
It made me blush and that I seldom do.

Now *Psyche's* strip'd from all her gay attire,
Tè dè Pollykagathoy — behold the fire.

But, O a long farewell to all this sort,
Which Musick, Scenes, nor Preface can't support,
Or if they cou'd, who cares a farthing for's ?

Epilogue to the same.

Now to get off, gadzooks, what shall we do ?
 'Tis plain, my friends, that we have chous'd you
 Our *Psyche* that so pleasantly appears,
 Has prov'd as very a jilting Crack as theirs.
 When your high hopes for Beauty were prepar'd,
 To meet a common ill-drest thing 'tis hard ;
 But pardon us and your resentments smother,
 We promise you e'r long a touch with t'other.

Song.

A Las, my Coy *Phillis*, this humour's too old,
 Pish, fie and for shame, are too silly from you ;
 For your looks, your sighs, and your blushes have told,
 That your Vows to cry out will never prove true.

Then away with this folly and let's to the thing,
For, I'faith, I must water my Nag at the Spring!

Elizium's

Elyzium's a trick, and the Shades but a cheat,
To cheer up some over-grown slighted old Maid:
If my Phillis should live to that wretched Estate,
How she would repent that I heard when she praid !

Then away with this folly, &c.

For I'faith, &c.

Like zealous Platonicks, we'll rail at all sin;
I'll praise thy great merits, and thou cry up mine:
To practise in private we'll lock our selves in;
And while silly soft mortals believe us divine,
we'll laugh at their folly and turn up the thing;
And I'faith I will water my Nag at the Spring.

O'recome with my Passion and noble intent;
My Phillis imbrac'd me and led my Nag on,
He dash'd up the water each step that he went;
But alass, Sir, she cry'd how soon he has done.

Your Nag's a May-Colt and deserves no good thing,
For I'faith he lies down in the middle of the Spring.

The serious Thought.

I.

O Wretched state of helpless man !
Flatter'd with lofty sounds of sov'reign pow'r ;
O're ev'ry Creature he is said to reign,
Yet only drags a longer chain ;
Ordain'd a slave to ev'ry fatal hour,
And ev'ry cruel thought's his Emperour.

II.

Reason, that golden Calf to which we fall,
Form'd of those various toys despairing Souls
And sullen Stoicks to their comforts call ;
Our pleasure and our happiness controuls,
To torments it directs an easie way ;
But when delight with smiling looks,
To soft intrancing bliss invokes.
Virtue —— we Virtue must obey,

Virtue,

Virtue, that dull fantastick edg less tool,
The stalking Horse of ev'ry Pedants School,
The beggar's Tyrant, but the rich man's Fool,
For Gold to any shape 'twill move,
And be what ever Monarchs love :
Yet this confines our hands and eyes,
While ev'ry creature we despise,
Freely enjoys those sweets for which man dies.

III.

Why was I born a slave to Nature's law,
Subject to frail desires of flesh and blood,
Eager to taste each beautious pleasing good ;
If other rigid rules my thoughts must awe ?
A servant to one mighty —— pow'r ordain'd,
And to the dictates of another chain'd.
Is't justice to impose upon the heart
Lawless desires of love, and then
To call that Passion sin,
And for relief add torments to the smart ?

Hear me, ye pow'rs divine,
All hearts and pow'rs to yours their strength resign,
Pardon my thoughts, or else my thoughts confine.

IV.

Thou glorious torment of my life,
Too dear *Francelia*, with whose eyes alone
The gods could in my heart raise Love a throne,
And set my peaceful thoughts at strife.
Despise my heart no more, for 'tis the shrine,
Where thy fair Image will for ever shine,
Pardon the fierce complaints to which I'm driv'n;
Or my loud Passion do not blame,
If thy injustice it proclaim.
Since it has rashly dar'd to question Heav'n,
I can no more endure this lukewarm state,
This Purgatory where I dwell
Between Love's Paradise and Hell,
Celia, I dare my fate,
And am prepar'd to meet thy Love or Hate.

V.

Alas, I fain would be deceiv'd and find
Some change in thy obdurate mind :
Still like a desp'rate loosing gamester, I throw on,
Urging ill fortune till my stock of hope is gone ;
With gradual losses tyr'd, I now set all,
O Love, be kind, or let me quickly fall.
'Tis not, O Celia, 'tis not well,
To cheat your truest Lover with a smile,
And to another give that heart for which I toil :
Yet 'tis more cruel far,
Your final doom not to declare,
But let me still love on and still despair.

To Celia.

L Ove, with which I long have been possesst,
L Does like an evil spirit haunt my brest,
Sleeping or waking it allows no rest ;
When with strong Reason I would drive it thence,
It puts new tortures upon ev'ry sense.
My Passion to the utmost height to raise,
All *Celia's* Beauties in my sight it lays ;
Beauties, which all admire and vainly strive to praise,
But to destroy all budding hopes lays down
My little merit and her constant frown ;
Thus does it urge me to a just despair,
Then whispers, only death can end my care ;
Tempts me to drown my self in floods of tears,
Or sigh away at once my griefs and fears ;
Thus am I rack'd, this dismal life I lead,
Till tyr'd with pain my heart seems cold and dead.

And

And to the wretched 'tis a sad relief,
To be insensible of joys or grief.
But when my murth'lers much lov'd name resounds,
My heart bleeds out afresh and feels new wounds.

Unless *Francelia* has my death decreed,
Let me from this tormenting spright be freed,
Or mine will haunt her when I'm dead indeed:
Show your great pow'r, remove this heavy rod,
And by your kindness make this Dev'l a God.

Song.

When *Celia* my heart did surprise,
In an Ocean of grief my fair Goddess did rise,
And like Crystal dissolv'd the tears flow'd from her
Eyes.

From her Beautiful Cheeks all the Roses withdrew,
And she look'd like a Lilly o'reladen with dew.

How sweet did her sorrow appear !
How I trembl'd and sigh'd, and for ev'ry tear
Made a Vow to the gods and a pray'r to her !
O how soft are the wounds we receive from the fair !
But the joy's and the pleasures there's none can de-
(clare.)

What panting and fainting I feel,
When imbracing her feet, before Celia I kneel,
O how dear are her smiles and how sweetly they kill !
Ev'ry minute I die with the thoughts of my bliss,
And she breaths a new life in each languishing kiss.

O Love let us still wear thy Chain,
Let no Passion but Love in our fancies e're reign,
Let us often be cur'd and ne'r freed from the pain,
All the pleasures of Wine to the sense are confin'd,
But this Love is the noblest delight of the mind.

*A Dialogue between Dorus and Amintor.**Dorus.*

WHence does this solemn sadness rise,
Which all thy spirits has opprest,
And like a dull contagious mist,
Hangs heavy on *Amintor's Eyes*?

Am.

O Dorus! —————

Dor.

O Amintor! speak —————

Passions conceal'd, like struggling wind
In concaves of the Earth confind,
Too oft their trembling Prison break.
Grief entertain'd and fed with tears,
With such insinuating Art,
Deludes the easie thoughtful heart,
It makes it love the pain it bears.

Awake

Awake, Amintor, from this dream,
This drowsy Lethargy that steeps
Thy sense in death-resembling sleeps,
And give thy thoughts a cheerful theme.

Am.

Tell me, O Shepherd, in this spacious round
Of Earth and Sea, what pleasure's to be found ;
'Tis all but one large grave, one gloomy den,
Where rav'ous time devours both things and men.
On yonder shaded hill let's sit a while,
And mark how poor mistaken mortals toil ;
Behold hard labour and laborious mirth,
See how those Reapers court the teeming Earth,
Look how they bend and with unweary'd pain,
Adore the ground for ev'ry Sheaf they gain,
These are the sweetest of the Rustick's days,
This is the life which sinking Monarchs praise.
Now to the neighb'ring Green thy sight transport,
And there behold the drudgery of sport ;

How

How many silly antick steps they tread,
How ev'ry sweating Dancer toils to spread
The restless arms, and shake the empty head.
O endless toil ! O flatt'ring sordid noise !
Where can this World show true and solid joys ?
Did not fore-knowledg tell us what they are,
Who could know idle mirth from busie care ?

Dor.

That knowledg which has mirth and care exprest,
Instructs the judgment to elect the best.
Since mirth prolongs that life that care would kill,
And life's concern makes all things good or ill,
Reason should overcome the stubborn Will.

Am.

Knowledg and Reason's force men disavow,
To Beauty's tyranny all hearts must bow.

Dor.

Beauty and Tyranny —

Am.

Am.

Yes Dorus, yes,
Despised Love does all my joy suppress.

Dor,

To one that's cruel who would be confin'd,
When Beauties are so num'rous and kind ?

Am.

Hast thou observ'd the Infancy of day ?
When from the Eastern Sea all fresh and gay,
The rosie mornings glory fills our eyes,
The Moon and ev'ry meaner lustre dyes.
So when my daz'ling Shepherdess appears,
All other Beauties fade and yield to hers.
Her eyes such pleasure and such awe impart,
As Monarchs smiles do to a Fav'rites heart ;
The Rose and Purple Violet she stains,
With her more blushing Cheek and clearer Veins,
Those pow'rful charms which from her face are sent,
Would make a Ravisher seem innocent.

Nor

POEMS.

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Nor polish'd Ivory nor falling Snow,
The whiteness of her whiter neck can show;
No Down of Swans, no Lillies e'r exprest
The charming softness of her swelling Breast;
Those mounts of pleasure, where Loves Monarch lies
Boasting the vict'ries purchas'd by her eyes.
A shining Vale those panting Twins does sever,
A Vale where murther'd Lovers hearts do bleed,
Whose sweets all thought, all extasie exceed.
O let Amintor's heart rest there forever.
Now, Shepherd, an eternity of joys
And hidden bliss my roving thought imploys.
O let me die, *Francelia*, let me die,
E'r from this Paradise of thought I'm driv'n;
For to a Lover so unblest as I,
There is no way but death to enter Heav'n.

Dor.

Pri'thee, *Amintor*, quench this raging fire;
From hopeless Love 'tis prudence to retire.

Am.

Thou mayst as soon cast water in the Sea,
And take it thence unmix'd, as set me free.
Quench this raging fire —
Sing to a Tempest till thou mak'st it kind,
And with thy musick part the mingl'd wind :
Sow Corn upon a stream that never stood,
And hope a Harvest from the moving flood.
When Poyson has invaded ev'ry part,
And fix'd its deadly Venom in the heart,
Bid the tormented patient quit his pain,
But never hope I can my love restrain.

Here *Celia* walk'd, and here was I undon,
Viewing those glories which around her shon:
Such Rays of Beauty as the Artist paints,
To Crown the heads of Celebrated Saints.
This Walk did, like a blest *Elysian* yield,
All that adorns the Garden or the Field.

Hither

P O E M S.

III

Hither did Nature all her treasure bring,
And here expos'd the glories of the Spring.
Enchanting Birds late warbling on each Tree.

Dor.

Here such a Paradise could never be,

Am.

Where e're she is 'tis Paradise to me.
All the bright Beauties Nature ever made,
When Winters stormy weather makes them fade,
With her as in their store-house do remain,
And ev'ry Spring are copy'd thence again.
Dull Poets, praise no more the *Thracian's* string;
When *Celia* speaks a Quire of Angels sing.
Here 'twas I rob'd her of a balmy kiss,
And eager to ensure a future bliss,
I sighing ask'd her —
Dear, won't you love — She sigh'd and whisper'd, yes.
Yes! Yes! O Cruelty! For at that very time,
She vow'd my death should expiate my crime.

Was't

POEMS.

Was't not enough to murther with disdain ?
 Must loss be added to compleat my pain ?
 Loss of the highest blessing Love could give,
 When you said yes, alas I did believe ;
 And after such a loss, who'd wish to live ?

Tell me, unkind and cruel as you are,
 Are you less beautiful, less chaste or fair,
 If one poor kiss is wanting from your store ?
 I'll freely pay you back ten thousand more.
 Did e'er my joys or suff'ring find a tongue
 To boast your smiles, or do your honour wrong ?
 Was ever hopeless love preserv'd so long ?

Dor.

How vainly dost thou court the senseless Air,
 And to regardless Trees repeat thy pray'r ?
 Did thy insulting cruel Goddess hear,
 Thou would'st as little pity get from her :

Leave

P O E M S.

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Leave Love's ingrateful God, shake off his chain,
Go where the God of Wine and Mirth does reign,
He'll see thy merit and believe thy pain.

Am.

She loves me not—forbids my Tongue and Quill.

Dor.

Dost thou love her, and disobey her Will?
To harden'd hearts insensible of Love,
Courtship does horrid Persecution prove.
Thy Love's best shown by serving her desire.

Am.

I can't suppress, but I'll conceal my fire;
And by my suff'ring raise my merit higher.
Never had Lover such hard fate as I,
To show my Love I must my Love deny,
And to be blest, all hope of blessings fly.

So when destroying Plagues did threaten *Rome*,
The noble *Curtius* did prevent its doom;
All love of life and safety he o'recame,
And by his death immortaliz'd his name.

I

Song.

Song.

Thy rigour, O Celia, has shorten'd thy reign,
And made my bright Goddess a Mortal again.
How faint are thy glories, how dully they move,
That us'd to inflame me with raptures of Love!

Chorus.

*Tyrannical Beauties, prevent your sad state,
Tis kindness alone can support your high throne,
But cruelty hastens your fate.*

I paid my devotion each day to thy eyes;
I thought it no morning till Celia did rise.
With Celia the Court and the Theatres rung,
Her praise was the subject of every song.

Chorus.

*Tyrannical Beauty, lament thy lost state,
My Passion is gone and thy Empire is done,
Thy cruelty hasten'd thy fate.*

Love

Love heightens our joy, he's the ease of our care,
A Spur to the Valiant and Crown to the Fair ;
O seize his soft wings and enjoy while you may,
For pleasures of Love will like Empire decay.

Chorus.

*Tyrannical Beauties, prevent your sad state,
'Tis kindness alone can support your high throne,
But cruelty hastens your fate.*

The Pavier's Song.

Set by Mr. Marsh junior.

Master,

YE tough brawny Lads, that can live upon stone,
And skin the hard Flint for good Liquor,
Let Love to the idle and wealthy be gone,
And let Preaching alone to the Vicar.

Let all be made plain with your strikers and thumpers,
(bumpers.)

And when the work's done we'll about with the

The little blind God of which Lovers so prate,

Makes all that adore him grow lazy;

For counterfeit blessings he long makes you wait,

And with Sighs and Diseases he pays ye:

But he you serve now with your strikers and thumpers,
(bumpers.)

When your work's done will about with the

1. *P.s.* The Walks are all gravel'd, and the Bower
 Prepar'd for the Bear and *Psyche*. (shall be

2. But e'r we go in let the drinking begin,
 And then we will thump it agen.

Chorus.

With full double Pots

Let us liquor our throats,

And then we'll to work with a hoh ho ho,

But let's drink e'r we go, let us drink e'r we go.

1. Here

P O E M S.

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1. Here Harry.

2. Here will.

Chorus. Old true-penny still,
While one is drinking, another should fill.

3. Here's to thee Stephen,

4. Thanks honest Phil.

Chorus. Old true-penny still,
While one is drinking, another should fill.

Chorus.

With full double Pots
We'll liquor, &c.

Master,

Dispatch, or the Bear and the Princess will chide,
For Love can no hindrance abide.

1. Pav. We have more need of drinking then
Loving by odds;
We'll bouze it in spight of the gods.

Chorus

Chorus.

*with full double Pots
We'll liquor our throats,
And then we'll to work with a bob ho ho,
But let's drink e'r we go, but let's drink e'r we go.*

Marina sitting for her Picture.

Poor barren Art, how vainly dost thou strive,
To Rival Natures greater excellence !
While the admit'd *Marina* does survive,
Whose Beauty dazles the most daring sense.
See how the captiv'd Painters trembling hand
Wanders at large, while his amazed eyes
Dart looks of envy that he can't command
Colours so fair as on her cheeks arise.
Lay by thy Pencil, Ned, and think with me,
If in her face such glorious things we find,
Who can resist those charms thou dost not see ;
The brighter Beauties of her heav'nly mind ?

There's

There's sacred Virtue, and each pow'rful grace,
Which cannot be surpris'd by feeble Art:
When creeping Age drives Lovers from the face,
Those will for ever hold the conquer'd heart.
Thou Tyrant, Love, that hast my Soul possest,
Give me this treasure or my heart again:
Were I with wealth and mighty Empire blest,
Without *Marina*, all the rest were vain.

Uncertain Love.

The lab'ring man that Plants or Sows,
His certain times of Profit knows.
Seamen the roughest tempest scorn,
Hoping at last a rich return.
But my too much lov'd *Celia's* mind
Is more inconstant and unkind
Than stormy weather, Sea or Wind.

Now

POEMS.

Now with assured Hope rais'd high,
I think no man so blest as I ;
Hope, that a dying Saint may own,
To see and hear her speak alone.

What if I snatch one kiss or more ?
Were Heaven gives a wealthy store,
'Tis to be bounteous to the poor.

But e'r my swiftest thought can thence
Convey a blessing to my sense,
My hope like Fairy treasure's gone,
Although I never made it known.
From all untruth my heart is clean,
No other Love can enter in,
Yet *Celia's* ne'r will come agen.

FINIS.

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